“Great things never
happen with ease”
Factual Shift to
Adventures
by
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Prologue

“Life never ends with struggle.”

I want to provide a meaningful experience to writers and to inform them about the realities of life — how nothing is permanent, how perspectives differ, and how truth often hides behind appearances. My journey reflects the lives of millions of people, and on their behalf, I HAVE BEEN THEIR VOICE. Each change has tested me, taught me, and demanded new versions of myself. My hope is that young authors, who are losing touch with the discipline of writing and reflection, will be inspired to write honestly about their own lives.

This story needs to be understood with feeling, because it is written in a society full of emotions. I want my readers to become emotionally attached, to walk beside me in my struggles, and to see the world as I saw it.

If I had to sum up my journey in one line, it would be this:
“Tolerance and shifts are persistent.”

I woke in 2003, in a military family, which was in strong connection to the Islam: the religion of peace. I never knew that this place, where I had come would show me the things rarely experienced by anyone. I started getting senses in the Jhelum, which is famous for its river. Life was like a king. I was free to decide, where to go, what to do, whatever to say, and more; as if all of the rights were for the kids. I would become a thief, a soldier and more in the plays, which were common among the kids

in Pakistan. The park was at a distance of sight. One thing was surprising, it was the beauty of the state in which I was born. The state and patriotism was a part of our growth. We would see the state's memory as if they were some religious days. Nobody cared for money, love, hate, anger; all that we were supposed to care for was sleep well, eat well, drink well, ask for payments, and go on amazing visits. It was the time when the military had horses. I caught some tadpoles, as if

they were some small fishes. This was the first struggle of my life. It went to waste when my father told me that they were tadpoles. My second struggle was on my parent's support, I never knew it. I went to the unit of soldiers with my father to get a salary. Previously, I had told my father that I would go to get a salary for the coming month. I was successful in getting around 2 dollars. In PKR it was enough for a kid like me to enjoy a whole month. I must have used it in just a few days. I had

never learned to manage money at the age of 3-4 years. My grandfather would visit us randomly, it was amazing to have his company. He would take me to the military gardens to pluck the fruits. There was an amazing activity in my childhood, when we would go to the water-filter to bring the healthy water in the bottles. On the way back, we would enjoy the vision of the beautiful horses, soldiers and more. Benazir Bhutto was shot in 2007, we moved back to our village, my father joined

the unit, which was in a great war. Terrorism was on its peak. Everyone was saying that the rift between the created militants and army was due to the support which Pakistan provided to the USA. I never knew what was going on. I saw the harshness of the people. Their true faces came into my vision, when I was very young. It was for living alone without a father at a very young age. Well, we saw our part and soon the terrorism was brought under control. We were given a rest, when the military sent us to

Bahawalnagar. I saw a new world. The cantonment we went to was so amazing that it was like a dream. We would enjoy the swings in the park during the day. In the dawn we would hangout with friends. There was an amazing restaurant behind my house. I would go there to buy the subsidized food and it was allotted to me free of cost for multiple times. I entered the Federal Government school to learn the basics. I was not taking much interest in my studies as life had shown me so many shifts. Then after a

year or two I was moved to APSACS. My father taught me all of the tenses when I was in year 2. He always thought that it is an important language due to globalization. I started going to APSACS. There we had an amazing time. The teachers were really kind and intelligent. I was more amazed by the wealth of the higher class civilians, whose kids would be allotted all the advancements before anybody else can reach it. I remember one of the kids whose father was a senior

successful politician in Canada. The treatment of the kids of the Brigadier or the higher ranks was totally different. It taught me the concept of class division in the Islamic republic of Pakistan. Well, I never cared about it, all I thought was of getting all of my wishes completed. I have met the standards but there is something lost. After learning about the class division, my unconscious mind never left me in peace. In my conscious mind I was totally fine. The diversion from education and the interest in the

dream-like world was my main target. It is true that nothing remains the same. I knew that one day I will hit the targets. I had told my parents that I will study after year 8, because the record of our studies starts after that. They said, “okay.” I did all that I wanted. I started losing confidence due to lack of education. I started loving the hate and the bad treatment of people due to my bad grades. It showed me survival skills in the bad times. I was living a balanced life but I started performing in dangerous

places such as dealing with different forms of people. I learned how to change the dialects from poor to the highest class. I also learned to make a pre-decided image in the minds of the humans. It made me so professional that I must have exercised more than 200 personalities. It was important for adaptability to different types of people in the different regions. We moved to Murree and the evil grew inside me. I was so enthusiastic to do adventures and harm to the people. It was due to the tough duty schedule of

the military personnel. I started buying weapons, remote controlled cars and helicopters etc. I loved the technology and bought a lot out of it. I had a brother, who was named Yaseen. He was not on good terms with me for most of the time. He was more interested in his friends, but we had a lot of fun together: playing, sliding in the snow, adventures in the forests of Murree. I remember that once we were going in a snow-storm between the trees falling apart to bring the fuel from the military

supplies. When we reached there, he said it’s brutal to send kids in such a heavy storm. That soldier never knew, the hardship we had seen was more than this joyful adventure. The whole region would grow white with snow. That was the time when the APSACS started getting the threats. Our guards were doubled during the trip to the school. This unit was the one, the efforts of whom made our country an atomic power. The protests started after colonialism are still here. My amazing cousin was bringing a

computer for my games from Rawalpindi. His name was Talha. He was a technophile. He would always treat every one without any lens. My strong observation made a very strong image of him in my mind. Once we visited Peshawar. The brother of Talha, Fazle Malik was even more amazing. He had recently been married to his second wife. She was really kind to me. I don’t know why but she started acting good to me after I showed my communication skills. I had a good portion of communication

from the father of them. My uncle, may he find peace in heaven, passed away as a senior ranked officer of Wapda. He had served Pakistan by refusing the payments from his seniors, when he started the job. The offer was in tens of millions. It was a big amount at that time. He wasn’t removed due to his more than amazing skills. In Peshawar, my cousin drove us to Mac Donalds. He told me, you used to live here. I was born in that place. It was significant to me, but due to the night, I was not

able to see my home, which was nearby. We ate amazing fast food and went back home. My brother was not happy. My cousin and I made fun of him. He was made happy later on by my cousin. At that time my cousin had got a lot of cars. We would always travel in it, when we would go to the village etc. We have had a lot of family gatherings. It was really a big one, and I enjoyed it the most. Especially the Mardan, which we loved for its food. My brother and I would always go there to eat some

delicious kabab. It was more than amazing. Urbanization started getting pace. The world around me was totally transformed. People started focusing on their personal lives. The connections started cutting off. We were sent to Quetta, a very dangerous place at that time. I am an eye witness to the bomb blasts and blown up people, who were always brought in the helicopters into the CMH, Quetta Cantonment. Balochistan is filled with spies, special forces, and terrorists. The question on the origin of these

terrorists is hard to answer. One thing is confirmed that all of it started with the Musharrafs mishandling of the Lal Masjid, and the mishandling of the Balochi feudal lords. The only to oppose Musharraf was Bugti. He was killed in a military operation. I also met the military officials in the Quetta cantonment, who had been part of that operation. In those days, three bombs were blasted behind my home on the frontier corps. This man who participated in the operation against Bugti was not leading a unit to help

the F.C. He was given an order by the seniors that F.C may take you for the disguised terrorist and it can result in a big mishap. F.C survived on their own. One day it was a night and we were playing football in the night and fire started moving like arrows on the top of our heads. We figured that these were coming from the bombs being blasted nearby. The game was over and all of us moved back. Entry to Quetta cantonment was very tough. Instead of having all of the ID cards and instead having a home near to the

gate of Nawakali, I was rejected entry multiple times. Thanks to the creator, I would get an entry after cycling for an hour. I face many hardships there, especially due to a young businessman at the age of around 14 years. I would buy and sell electronics. It was cool that I would always plan a great deal of things about what to say and what to not. It was difficult to convince the businessmen, especially, when I would be a seller. But I had always made amazing deals. It was a great

struggle for 3 years. Along with it, I had started working hard in my school. I started getting first position in year 8th in Quetta. Tehseen, my neighbour, got first in the year 10 and I got second in the class. I promised to work hard. I worked enough to top the whole college in Attock, but Tehseen had still got more marks than me in the APSACS Chinar, Murree. In the next year I worked harder and was successful in getting more marks than him. A senior military officer awarded me in Mansar camp, Attock. I

remember his words," I have learned one thing in my life, nothing is achievable by shortcut." I knew that life after that was going to be hard. I cleared medical entry tests with good marks, but remained by 0.9 percentage to get a subsidized admission. Medical studies in private colleges were expensive. I had also cleared the initials of a military officer, but I didn't clear my ISSB due to poor English and over confidence. The knowledge they required was not science in the Pakistan military

academy. Tehseen was successful in entering the military as a medical officer. I got entry first into the university and advised Tehseen to join the military. I never knew, he had made it, unless I got him on Facebook. My brother had also made it later on. My life changed, and I started my journey in the International Islamic University, Islamabad. Islamabad is the capital of the Islamic Republic of Pakistan. The question of the country’s nature is very difficult here. People say it's an Islamic-

democracy. I have lived here for 22 years, but I have never seen the Islamic law and the democracy in this state of Pakistan. This was the reason for the first division of Pakistan in 1971. I started knowing about the university system. It was very easy for me to handle simple tasks at the university. I worked very hard and never thought of a game or anything. After working so hard, I started thinking about the teachers, who would get absent once or twice and it would make me so angry as I was the

most present student in the class. In the second semester, I started focusing on multiple things such as the job, skills etc. I got a job at different companies as a sales representative. It was easy for me to do the sales. I learned the trick of saving a lot of money by coming everyday far away from Attock to Islamabad, where the major distance would be covered by my university's free bus. I started taking off from the university as I strictly observed the teachers, who weren't that capable. I was giving an

exam, and the teacher started annoying us. He said,” You should not write more than two pages.” I replied, “ Why? You have given us big books to be studied and I have prepared them all. I will write as much as I want. “ He went crazy, “ I will teach you a lesson, and you are just a kid.” He asked the CR to give him my roll number. The CR, who was helped by me in becoming the CR may or may not have done that. He was a good guy which is why I supported his replacement for the other CR. The

other was having a burden of work, and I wanted him to be free for his studies. He was covering his diploma in some pharmaceutical subjects along with his degree. He was also teaching part time. Well, I took the words and the grading of the psychology so solemnly that I made a decision to leave the university. There was a kind guy named Haider Ali. He provided strong emotional support, which saved a whole year for me. Well, I stopped going to university despite having the fee paid timely. I

would study more and would do the work personally. I came to know that the skills are always learned. It can’t be taught. It is due to lack of good pay, which can attract intelligent teachers. There is no doubt that I have had brilliant professors in my university, but they weren’t that much honest in grading. It was due to the huge burden of papers, which they were required to check. I showed my understanding and learned from those teachers. Soon, I got a remote job with a US-based company. It was

asaptickets. We were told that it has its LLC registered in Wilmington Delaware, USA. I dreamed of making big amounts there. I started making hundreds of dollars with small efforts. The problem was that I would get the salary very much delayed. It was due to the poor system of Pakistani finance. There was a strong need for PAYPAL for me to reach my potential. After 6 months, they cleared all of my payments and I started the Youtube channel. I loved to enjoy being a Journalist on youtube. It was

really growing well. I named it Logical News. After making thousands of videos, I got strikes from the Youtube community. I couldn’t understand the reason. I deleted my channel and started working as an IELTS teacher. I enjoyed the company of the respectful people at the Your Cloud Campus. It is a company located in Rawalpindi. Before it, I had also left a job at a Communitech, which allocated me a good rank, and we were handling security for the United Kingdom. I provided a

contract to a security officer in England and he was in need of money. There was a junior of mine, who had a strong argument with that officer. He convinced the senior to allow him to remove him from the company. He said, “ He has threatened me.” I said, “ He is in need, let him be on the job.” They denied me and I left the job in a minute. I had resigned several jobs in these twin cities due to abusive behavior of the people. As an IELTs teacher, I saw my real potential. I was

honored with a good salary at Your Cloud Campus. I was annoyed by the behavior of the girls there. Some of them were my colleagues. My colleagues were good, but I was having a psychological barrier with them. I allowed the frank nature of the girls, which resulted in me escaping the company for their rude and hypocritical behaviours. I learned that If you want to do a job, you will have to be professional and avoid the environment. I got a new job, where I was satisfied. The satisfaction was

due to the amazing behaviour of some of my seniors. I bought a property and got a bit stable with it. I was able to pay my university fees and to support my family. I would go to Murree to refresh my mind. Murree is full of adventures and is very cold. My education was going amazing with around 16 hours in it. My job was teaching English and Sciences. I have been a topper of my pre-medical, which allowed me to teach any subject. The professors were happy with me and I was with them at my

university. They were really intellectuals. I loved their classes and I would try to listen to every word they had utterred. The university has a lot of greenery to protect the environment. It will always amuse me. There were no psychological barriers at this time. The new HOD was assigned and he had just come from the University of Ohio, USA. It was good having him. I entered the idea in his mind that I have created a Debate Council in our university. His response was amazing. On the next

day, I started a debate council. I also created a Youtube channel for it by the name of IIUI Debate Council. People liked my step. It was easy to manage due to small investment requirements, unlike the three companies which I had run in the past at the age of 20s. I went home in September 2025, and I came to know that I was locked in that city due to strong protests in Kashmir. There were no signals for a whole week. I could never know what was happening in the world. There is a

shop at a distance of 500m from the APS Kolti, where I was told by the shop keeper, “ Around 200 men of the forces are injured and many are killed by the local protestors. A girl told me today that,’ My aunt died and we found out after three days, after she had been buried.’ It’s brutal that we can’t contact our dear ones, who are all abroad. They will be worried about us.” Last month, my friend Noman suggested a visit to Murree in the mid-night, and I agreed. I started the bike. We went through Murree-Road,

Rawalpindi. I rode for more than an hour unless we reached a point where we were having two paths. It was now on us to choose one of them. We chose the wrong path and started climbing up by using our bike. This bike was from a friend of Noman for our visit on the request of Noman. Noman was very keen in doing arguments. I would avoid it most of the time. Because once you start it, the end is lost. He likes doing debates to infinity. In the big mountains, the road was full of water, the real paths

of the water were broken down. It had happened due to landsliding. It was horrible that the road was no more and the trees were on the road. We managed to ride the road completely until we reached Murree. From Kuldanna, we started riding up to the Mall-road. Mall road is known for its night life. We entered and saw thousands of lights and amazing restaurants. There were thousands of people with a vast variety in multi-cultural dresses. The people were using a great variety of languages.

The journey had been very cold. I had come to Murree in a half sleeves shirt. My hands were numb, I was feeling very cold. Noman took me to the mosque and we offered the prayer by doing ablution with an ice-cold water. It was like a hit upon the dead. Finally, we entered the restaurant and started eating an amazing “Keema”. It’s a Pakistani dish made of meat. It was so good. Now it felt like heaven after a big journey of 3 hours. We took a room in the Hotel on Mall road and woke up in the morning. We had

an amazing breakfast. I took Noman for forest hiking. We went lost inside the deep forests of Murree. Noman was a brave person, but the confusion was visible on his face. He said, “Didn’t I tell you to follow the track?” I was trying to enter the Cantt from an anonymous path as I did in my childhood but it was closed. They had used a strong net and camera system to stop the intruders. We went to Kashmiri Bazaar and then back to Mall road from a point. Noman did an amazing horse riding on the roads of

Murree. There was a place for tourists, where horse riding was allowed on the roads. In the military stadium, we tried horse riding, but the man to assign us the necessities was missing. We saw a big Church near the Military College Murree. I have read about the APSACS, which was under the control of the MCM. I enjoyed the nostalgia and went to the Lipa hut. Noman went through the sky riding on a rope. It is known as a Zip-line. Then we used the guns and did archery. After the Zuhr Nimaz, we

went to the restaurant for the food. We came back to Rawalpindi. It was an amazing journey. I have a big social circle in my university, so I often take different friends for tourism. If you are a student, the only way to enjoy is to earn and spend wisely. We don’t know if there will be a time for anything good after getting the real responsibilities of life. Now I am continuing my life and you are also_let’s assign the beauty, confidence and adaptability in our

lives to forget the digital depression of the post-modern society.